MARVEL LEGACY
MOVING TARGET
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OLD MAN LOGAN
BRISSON
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OLD MAN LOGAN

MOVING TARGET
PART TWO

SURVIVING A FUTURE KNOWN AS THE WASTELANDS, WHERE EVERYTHING GOOD IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING HIS FAMILY, WAS DESTROYED, OLD MAN LOGAN AWOKE IN THE PRESENT DETERMINED TO PREVENT THIS CATASTROPHIC REALITY FROM EVER COMING TO PASS. NOW, LOGAN TRIES TO FIND HIS PLACE IN A WORLD NOT QUITE HIS OWN.

PREVIOUSLY IN OLD MAN LOGAN...

LOGAN'S HEALING FACTOR IS WEAKENING AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY. IN A RECENT FIGHT WITH NINJA WARRIORS KNOWN AS THE HAND, LOGAN NEARLY DIED. HE ONLY SURVIVED BY BEING INJECTED WITH REGENIX--A DRUG THAT BOOSTS HEALING BUT ALSO HAS NEGATIVE EFFECTS ON THE BODY.

WHILE HE'S BEEN ABROAD, NEW YORK CITY ELECTED A NEW MAYOR: THE FORMER KINGPIN OF CRIME, WILSON FISK. FISK RAN ON AN ANTI-VIGILANTE PLATFORM, APPEALING TO NEW YORKERS TIRED OF THE INSTABILITY CAUSED BY HEROES LIKE DAREDEVIL, THE AVENGERS AND THE X-MEN.

AND NOW, LOGAN HAS AN ENCRYPTED USB DRIVE THAT MIGHT BRING FISK DOWN. NARROWLY ESCAPING A SHOOTOUT WITH FISK'S SECURITY TEAM, A WOUNDED LOGAN IS ON THE RUN IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK...FISK'S STREETS NOW.

*THIS ISSUE TAKES PLACE BEFORE ***DAREDEVIL*** 600.

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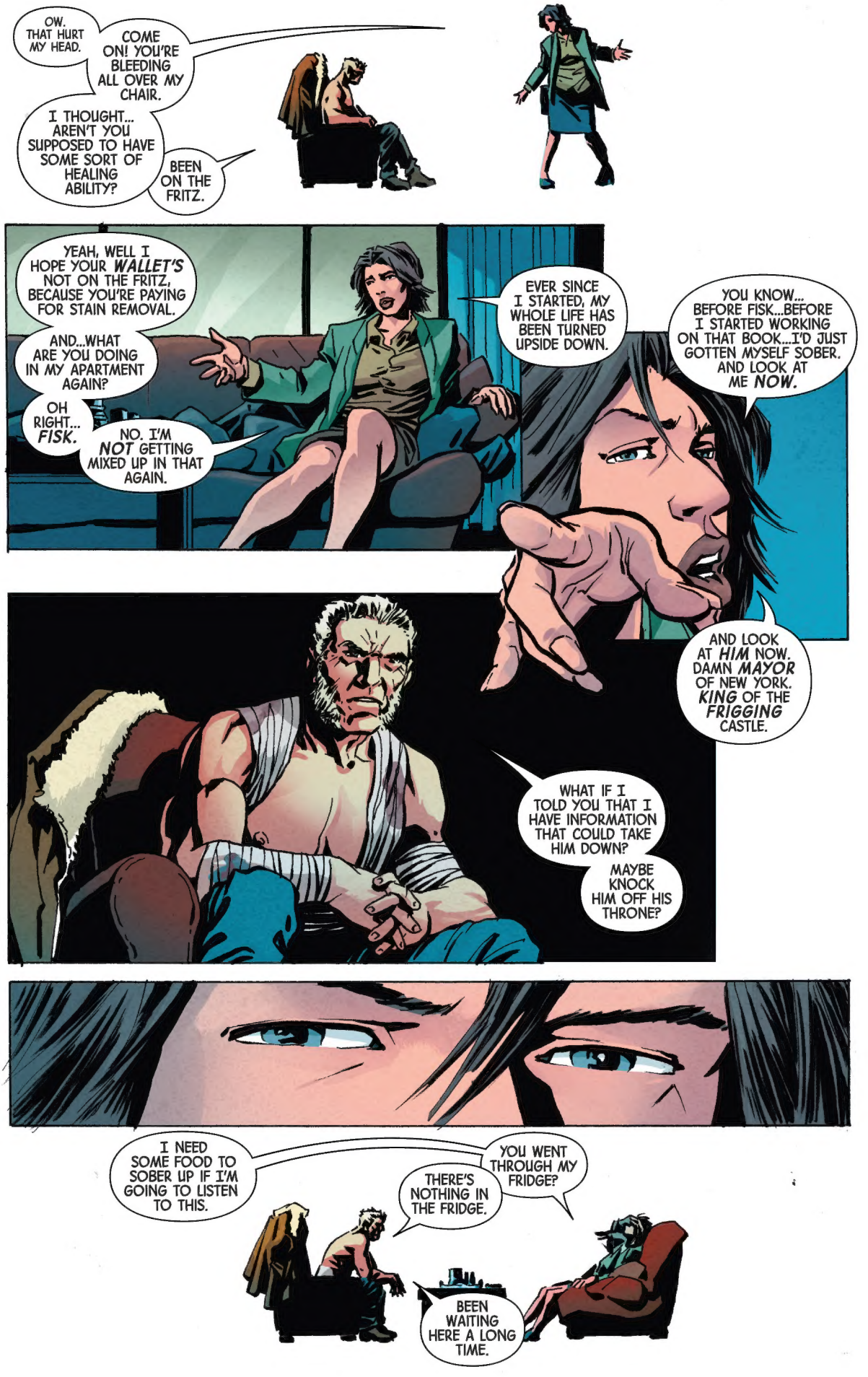
THE UPPER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK.
JINGLE
JINGLE
...STUPID KEYS...
...STUPID FLOOR...
...STUPID... STUPID...
KLINK
...YOU GO IN MY STUPID PURSE...STUPID KEYS...
...IN... MY--
WELCOME HOME, SARAH DEWEY.

WHO...?
WHO'S... THERE?!
I'VE GOT A GUN! YOU HEAR ME? I'VE GOT A...
...SEE! I'VE GOT...
...DAMMIT...
SHE SMELLS LIKE A DISTILLERY. BOOZE AND STALE CIGARETTES.
THUMP
MUSTA BEEN A WILD NIGHT.
YOU DON'T NEED THIS.
THIS IS MORE THAN A ONE-NIGHT BENDER.
SHE'S BEEN GOING FOR DAYS.
...LET ALONE THE INFO I NEED FROM HER.
I THOUGHT... WHEN I CAME IN... I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY DAD.
SO YOU PULLED A GUN?
NO. BUT...
...WHEN I WAS A TEEN...HE USED TO DO THAT.
WAIT IN THE LIVING ROOM...I'D COME HOME DRUNK AND HE'D SCARE THE CRAP OUT OF ME LIKE THAT.
THAT'S WHY YOU CARRY A GUN?
I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT FISK.
YOU WORKED WITH HIM ON HIS BIOGRAPHY, SO YOU PROBABLY KNOW HIM BETTER THAN ANYONE.
I NEED TO KNOW--
WHOA!
I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU.
MY NAME'S LOGAN. I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.
NOT SURE SHE'S GONNA KNOW WHAT MONTH IT IS...
NO...HE'S DEAD. JUST REMINDED ME OF...
I DON'T KNOW.
WAIT...YOU BROKE INTO MY APARTMENT.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?


OW. THAT HURT MY HEAD.
COME ON! YOU'RE BLEEDING ALL OVER MY CHAIR.
I THOUGHT... AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO HAVE SOME SORT OF HEALING ABILITY?
BEEN ON THE FRITZ.
YEAH, WELL I HOPE YOUR WALLET'S NOT ON THE FRITZ, BECAUSE YOU'RE PAYING FOR STAIN REMOVAL.
AND...WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY APARTMENT AGAIN?
OH RIGHT... FISK.
NO. I'M NOT GETTING MIXED UP IN THAT AGAIN.
EVER SINCE I STARTED, MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.
YOU KNOW... BEFORE FISK...BEFORE I STARTED WORKING ON THAT BOOK...I'D JUST GOTTEN MYSELF SOBER. AND LOOK AT ME NOW.
AND LOOK AT HIM NOW. DAMN MAYOR OF NEW YORK. KING OF THE FRIGGING CASTLE.
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT I HAVE INFORMATION THAT COULD TAKE HIM DOWN?
MAYBE KNOCK HIM OFF HIS THRONE?
I NEED SOME FOOD TO SOBER UP IF I'M GOING TO LISTEN TO THIS.
YOU WENT THROUGH MY FRIDGE?
THERE'S NOTHING IN THE FRIDGE.
BEEN WAITING HERE A LONG TIME.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.
MR. FISK, SIR.
GIBSON, I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A MEETING.
I APOLOGIZE. IT'S...
...IT'S THAT CALL YOU WERE WAITING ON.
I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS.
I WON'T BE MORE THAN A MOMENT. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME.
THIS *BETTER* BE IMPORTANT.

COOL YOUR JETS, FAT MAN.
I FOUND THE OLD MAN, HE'S HITTING UP SOME FROUFROU GROCERY STORE IN MANHATTAN...
...BUT YOU'LL *NEVER* GUESS WHO HE'S WITH.

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN GUESSING GAMES.
TELL ME WHO HE IS WITH AND *WHY* IT SHOULD MATTER TO ME.

YOU'RE NO FUN.
I'M LOSING PATIENCE.
IT'S THAT BIOGRAPHER CHICK OF YOURS. WHAT'S HER NAME? SANDRA DEWDROP?
SARAH DEWEY.

YEAH, WHATEVER. YOU WANT ME TO TAKE HER DOWN, TOO?
NO. *DO NOT* TOUCH SARAH.
THE PLAN REMAINS THE SAME.
GET THE DRIVE BACK.

BUT SARAH IS NOT TO BE HARMED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
WHATEVER.
FOODS MARKET

DIDN'T STRIKE ME AS THE BUFFET TYPE.
YOU KIDDING ME? THE ORGANIC FOODS MARKET HOT BAR IS WHERE IT'S AT.
IT'S NOT A BUFFET, IT'S A CURATED AND PERFECTLY PRESENTED SELECTION OF FUEL FOR THE YUPPIE LIFESTYLE.
BESIDES, I NEED FOOD NOW.
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WAITING IN LINE BEHIND A BUNCH OF BRUNCHING HIPSTERS AT A PROPER RESTAURANT.
"SO, TELL ME, DEEP THROAT...
"...WHAT KIND OF DIRT DO YOU HAVE ON FISK?"
BETTER BE GOOD, BECAUSE IF I'M BEING HONEST, I'D KILL A GIRL SCOUT JUST TO GET SOME SLEEP RIGHT NOW.
NOT HERE.
PLEASE, THESE PEOPLE DON'T CARE.
THIS IS NEW YORK.
NO ONE CARES.

LOOK...
...SINCE I GOT MIXED UP WITH FISK, MY LIFE...
...I WON'T LIE...
...IT GOT REALLY GOOD FOR A WHILE.
AFTER BEING BROKE FOR SO LONG...
...SO LONG...
...IT WAS NICE TO FINALLY HAVE ENOUGH MONEY THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT PAYING RENT OR HOW I WAS GOING TO BUY MY NEXT MEAL.
WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE MONEY, IT'S ALL YOU THINK ABOUT.
AND... SOMETIMES YOU DO THINGS YOU MIGHT NOT NORMALLY DO JUST TO GET IT.
SARAH--
HEAR ME OUT.
"MY LIFE WAS GARBAGE, OKAY?
"I LIVED IN A DUMP OF AN APARTMENT.
"IT LOOKED LIKE MY EX-HUSBAND WAS GOING TO TAKE MY BOYS AND I'D NEVER GET TO SEE THEM."
FSSSST
SPEAKING OF YOUR KIDS--
THEY'RE WITH THEIR DAD. MY CHOICE, THOUGH.
DON'T DERAIL ME.
MY LIFE WAS BAD. YOU UNDERSTAND? BAD.

IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT...
...IF I WEREN'T SO DESPERATE...
...I NEVER WOULD HAVE WORKED FOR THAT MAN.
BUT--
HEY. I'M NOT JUDGING. THE FACT THAT YOU DID WORK FOR HIM...THAT...
"...THAT'S WHY I'M HERE...TALKING TO YOU."
HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
I'M TELLING YOU ALL THIS SO THAT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND...
...IN CASE THERE'S ANY QUESTION IN YOUR MIND.
I KNOW WHAT I DID.
I HELPED HUMANIZE FISK.
I KNOW THAT WITHOUT ME, WITHOUT THAT BOOK...
HE WOULDN'T BE MAYOR TODAY.
THANK YOU.
"WAS A LITTLE WORRIED I'D HAVE TO COERCE YOU INTO COOPERATING."
FWAK

FISK WAS DIRTY...MORE CROOKED THAN... I DUNNO...
IT'S TOO EARLY AND I'M TOO HUNGOVER FOR METAPHORS.
POINT IS... EVERYONE KNEW IT...
...AND PEOPLE STILL LOOKED PAST IT.
WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT, IT BETTER BE GOOD.
ALL I KNOW IS IT'S SOMETHING BAD ENOUGH THAT KINGPIN'S WILLING TO KILL FOR IT.
HE HAS KILLED FOR IT ALREADY.
THE GUY WHO BROUGHT IT TO ME IS DEAD. SHOT BY A BUNCH OF FISK'S GOONS WHO WERE TRYING TO GET IT BACK.
THEY GUNNED HIM DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY ON A CROWDED TRAIN, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.
"BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ON IT?"
"NO. IT'S ENCRYPTED. TRYING TO OPEN IT ONLY GIVES OUT YOUR LOCATION."
I KNOW A GUY...
...JESSE, HE'S ONE OF THOSE... CALLS HIMSELF A HACKTIVIST.
HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK THROUGH THE ENCRYPTION, NO PROBLEM.
WHAT IS THAT--
GET UNDER THE TABLE!
FWAK
FWAK
FWAK
WHAAA--?
GET UNDER THE TABLE!
LILAC, EUCALYPTUS, ROSE HIP, TEA TREE...
...A STEW OF NEW-AGE HERBAL SCENTS... CONCENTRATES...
...GUMMING UP MY SENSES.

MORNING, LOGAN!
YOU DIDN'T STRIKE ME AS THE ORGANIC, GLUTEN-FREE, ALFALFA SPROUTS DIET SORTA DUDE.
MAYBE PALEO.
NOT THIS HIPPIE-DIPPIE CRAP, THOUGH.
BULLSEYE...
...THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
THAK
SNIKT
HEARD THE SAME ABOUT YOU!
SPLURT
ARGGH!

CAN'T SMELL ANYTHING BEYOND THOSE CONCENTRATES AND NOW I'M DOWN TO ONE EYE.
ARGGGH.
BUT EVEN IF YOU'RE WALKING AROUND BREATHING NOW...
...DON'T MEAN YOU WILL BE FOR LONG.
KEEP RUNNING THEM GUMS, PUNK.
I AIN'T NO DAREDEVIL...
...WON'T LOSE SLEEP ABOUT ENDING A SCUMBAG LIKE YOU.
CAN'T LET HIM GET ANY MORE SHOTS, OTHERWISE I'M GOING TO BE FIGHTING COMPLETELY BLIND.
THUD
SARAH!
GET EVERYONE OUT OF HERE.
HURRK!

YOU HEARD THE MAN WITH THE CLAWS!
GET MOVING!
FISK SENT YOU?
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE INTO CHOKING, LOGAN.
DID WE AGREE ON A SAFE WORD?
KRAKKA
THWAK
JUST TELL ME WHERE THE DRIVE IS, OLD MAN.

SMASH
OH, SANDRA.
YOU SCREWED UP.
SARAH. IT'S SARAH!
SHOULDA LEFT THE FIGHTING TO THE BIG BOYS.
YOU'RE WAY OUTTA YOUR LEAGUE HERE.
THWAK
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE.
NO. YOU TOLD ME TO GET EVERYONE OUT.
EVERYONE INCLUDES YOU.
I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU.
NOW, GO!

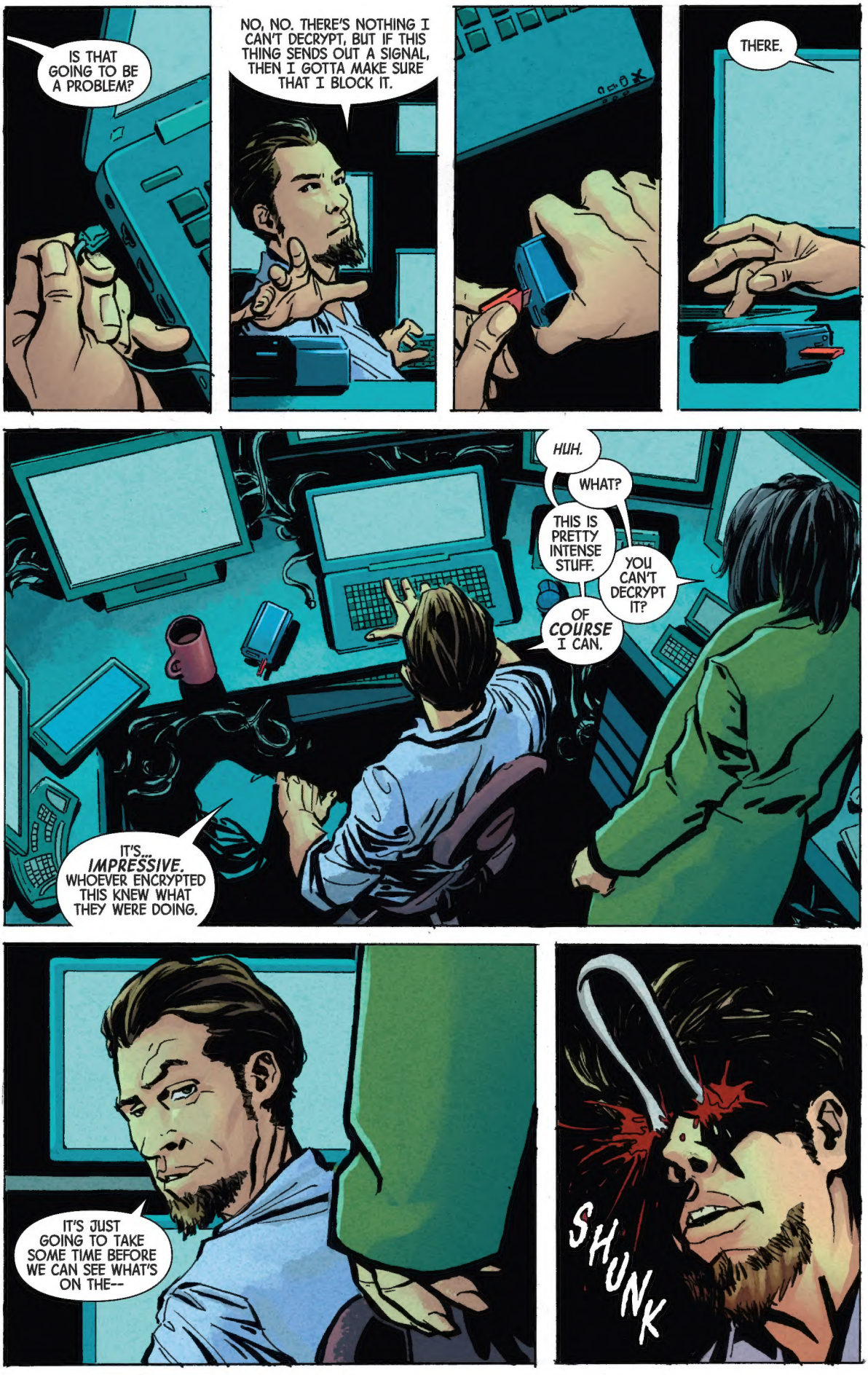
SNIFFER'S STILL GONE AND WITH MY EYE OUT OF COMMISSION, MY DEPTH PERCEPTION'S SHOT TA HELL.
NOT GOOD WHEN FIGHTING AGAINST SOMEONE WHO DOES HIS BEST ATTACKING FROM AFAR.
GOT TO CUT OFF HIS SPACE. KEEP IT CLOSE RANGE.
GETTING SLOW IN YOUR OLD AGE, GEEZER.
JUST GIVE ME THE DRIVE AND I'LL LET YOU WALK OUT OF HERE.
I SURE AS HELL AIN'T GONNA GIVE THIS OVER TO SOME THIRD-RATE DAREDEVIL WHIPPING BOY.
SMASH
SMASH
YOU WANT THE DRIVE, YOU GOTTA COME GET IT, LESTER.
DAMMIT.
SO MUCH FOR KEEPING IT CLOSE RANGE.

WHERE ARE YOU, YOU BASTARD?
TINK
WHA--
KASMASH
STOP RUNNING, YOU COWARD!
YOU WANT TO FIGHT ME, THEN COME THE HELL ON AND LET'S DO THIS!
THERE'S THE WOLVERINE WE ALL KNOW AND LOVE!
THOUGHT FOR A SECOND I'D GOT THE WRONG GERIATRIC.
NOT THAT I GOT ANYTHING AGAINST TAKING OUT A GEEZER OR TWO.
CHUD

THE OLD MAN'S GOT SPUNK!
WHAT'S ON THE DRIVE?
WHAT'S SO DANGEROUS THAT KINGPIN'S GONNA SEND HIS LACKEY OUT TO TRY AND KILL ME FOR IT?
SNIKT
DAMNED IF I KNOW.
ALL I KNOW IS YOU GOT IT AND I GOT TO GET IT BACK.
THOSE BONE?
YOU LOSING YOUR METAL, LOGAN?
THEY STILL CUT PRETTY GOOD.
NOW GET UP. YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO GO SEE FISK.
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO DO THAT.
FLIK
FWAK
SHUK
UNNNNNGH!

TOOTHPICK'S IN THERE PRETTY DEEP, LOGAN.
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE MUCH LUCK GETTING IT OUT.
NOW, WHERE'S THAT DRIVE, *HUH?*
WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU HIDING IT?
HEH.
YOU ALWAYS WERE AN IMPULSIVE IDIOT, BULLSEYE.
I DON'T HAVE THE DRIVE.
NOT ANYMORE.
DAMMIT.
THE WRITER.
KRAK
NICE PLAY, LOGAN. ACTING AS A DISTRACTION.
YOU ALMOST HAD ME.
ALMOST.

WHAP WHAP WHAP
JESSE! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!
HELLO TO YOU, TOO, SARAH.
THIS IS YOUR PLACE? REALLY?
YOU DON'T LIKE IT?
I THOUGHT ALL YOU HACKER TYPES WERE SUPPOSED TO LIVE IN SQUATS LITTERED WITH PIZZA BOXES, EMPTY DIET SODA BOTTLES AND REEKING OF SADNESS.
THIS PLACE IS... NICE?
I KNOW.
IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN *HELP* YOU WITH? OR DID YOU JUST COME HERE TO JUDGE MY LIVING SPACE?
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S ON THIS DRIVE.
NO PROBLEM.
YOU DON'T HAVE A COMPUTER OF YOUR OWN?
THOUGHT YOU WERE RIDING THAT KINGPIN CASH TRAIN. THINK YOU'D BE ABLE TO AFFORD A LAPTOP AT LEAST.
GUY I GOT THAT FROM SAID IT HAD SOMETHING ON IT, COULD TAKE DOWN FISK.
ALSO SAID IT'S ENCRYPTED AND THAT THE LAST GUY WHO TRIED OPENING IT ENDED UP DEAD.
THE DRIVE SENDS OUT A LOCATION OR SOMETHING.
WAY TO BURY THE LEDE, SARAH.


IS THAT GOING TO BE A PROBLEM?
NO, NO. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN'T DECRYPT, BUT IF THIS THING SENDS OUT A SIGNAL, THEN I GOTTA MAKE SURE THAT I BLOCK IT.
THERE.
HUH.
WHAT?
THIS IS PRETTY INTENSE STUFF.
YOU CAN'T DECRYPT IT?
OF *COURSE* I CAN.
IT'S... *IMPRESSIVE.* WHOEVER ENCRYPTED THIS KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING.
IT'S JUST GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME BEFORE WE CAN SEE WHAT'S ON THE--
SHUNK

ALL RIGHT, LADY...
...TOLD KINGPIN I WOULDN'T HURT YOU...
...BUT YOU'VE BEEN A REAL *PAIN* IN MY ASS AND I AIN'T KNOWN FOR KEEPING MY PROMISES.
SO HAND OVER THE DRIVE, OR I'LL *END YOU* RIGHT HERE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

OLD MAN LOGAN #38

MOVING TARGET *CONCLUDES!*